SATURDAY AUG 25, 1900

'CROSS LOTS.

Across the upland pasture zone
With fringe of spiring pines,
From stile to stile by dune and stone,
The well-worn foot-path winds.

And dwellers on the windy waste,
To lowlands wending down,
Will take for ease, or eager haste,
The by-path way to town.

So passed the early settlers through
The season's bloom, or snow,
When all the land was wild and new,
A hundred years ago.

Across the knolls of leaching sand,
Through valleys green it leads—
And reaches of fair pasture land—
Beside a pool with reeds.

And over it his rocky crown
The mountain lifts beyond,
Whose shaggy image softened down
Lies in the lilied pond.

What throngs of wayward feet have passed
These barren fields across,
To meet the broad highway at last,
Where woven shadows toss!

Here passed the lover in his pride
On business to the town,
And here the fair, expectant bride,
To buy her wedding gown.

The spendthrift to his folly sped—
The reveller to his wine,
And he who went as honor led
In wisdom's ways divine;

And homeward when they took their ways
Across the foot-path field,
The sober sang their songs of praise,
The tipplers cursed and reeled.

A beaten course their steps have made;
The path that winds and veers
Shows how the weary feet have strayed
Through all the hundred years!

And on and on the pilgrims go,
Though shadows gather fast,
To meet beyond life's sunset glow
The broad highway at last!
—Benjamin F. Leggett, in Ladies' World, New York.

Paul's Honor

By A. B. de Mille.

THEY still tell the story at Tennant's when the fleet is home in summer or when the cargo hunters are stormbound in winter. What chiefly puzzles me is how first it got abroad, for Paul Fralic was lost, and the other two were most like to keep the matter hid. But I set it down here—not in the picturesque fisher speech, which is godless and unrefined—as it was told me one summer twilight with the sky like flaming gold and all the hills asleep.

Be it known that the south coast of Nova Scotia is a rampart of solid rock fronting the Atlantic surges. Sometimes the fog veils its stern precipices and gray-backed waves beat in from the shrouded sea, and sometimes great calms descend, when the headlands glass themselves all day in the quiet water. There are huge ledges cropping up out of the deep and sunken rocks where the surf takes on a heavier note, and mile on miles of frowning cliffs where the snows lie strangely white in winter. But there are also broad harbors and sheltered coves where the fishermen find shelter in time of storm.

The place called Tennant's is a good example of the latter. It is wide and deep, with a narrow entrance and a girding of rocky hills. At its mouth stands a fat white lighthouse, put there, not for the importance of the place, but because Tennant Cap sticks far out into the Atlantic and the light guides coastwise vessels to the town 20 miles away. Seaward, east of the entrance, lies a rock on which many a tall ship has come to grief. The charts mark it by a cross and the legend: "Breaker nearly always shows." The fisher folk call it "The Bull," because, hours before a storm rolls up, its hoarse complaining can be heard along the coast. Currents which know no law beat upon it in stormy weather, and of all the seafarers who there have met their doom not one has ever reached the shore, alive or dead. The Bull claims its own and guards its secret well.

At the head of Tennant Harbor there is a small village—two or three streets of whitewashed houses, with a few slim wharves thrust out into the still waters beneath. During certain seasons of the year the place is lively enough—when the little fleet of bankers is fitting out, for example, and the harbor is astir with the passage of loaded dories; or when the schooners return deep laden, and the gaunt fish skids creak beneath their whitening burden. But ordinarily all is quiet; the men are absent half the year, while the women and children till the rough farms or tend the cows and goats which find scant pasturing on the stormy hills.

Tennant's impressed something of its own character upon the early generations of its settlers. Of former days it was secluded from the world—withdrawn among its granite rock and somber pine scrub. The life and environment bred a sturdy class; fishermen who plied their trade from Labrador to Cape Ann, from the Grand Banks to the Georges; sailors who built their own ships and took them round the world. There still survives a certain capability of heroism—rough, often uncouth, but none the less genuine.

For many years the place retained its quaint customs and modes of living. The house of a former day, crammed with relics of ancient voyagings, sufficed the fisherfolk. The women clung to their huge hand looms and wore the strong gray and blue cloth of their own weaving. The schooling of the children consisted of what they could pick up from the old Catholic priest, who taught them their letters as the spirit moved him or the rheumatism permitted, and of much unholy lore gathered along the water front.

The blessings of modern education. So a school was organized and the primal charm of Tennant's vanished away.

Thus, one summer, the white and red schoolhouse stood finished. A slim young man, with a beautiful training, arrived from the city to take charge, gather in recruits and generally to modify the opinion of Tennant's that teaching and teachers were the direct agents of the devil.

The fishing fleet had come home earlier than usual that season; by the end of July all the schooners were lying at anchor with boarded rigging and sides weathered to a silver gray, their flat-bottomed dories moored in long rows behind them. The skids were spread with fish, cleaned and split, drying under the hot sun, and in the pleasant northern twilight the fishermen foregathered to smoke and talk.

Sometimes the young schoolmaster smoked and talked with them, in pursuance of a wise pedagogical policy. Far more frequently, however, he went to a large house which stood apart from the village. And thereby hangs this tale.

It was because of the girl—the brown-eyed daughter of old John Shea. Her natural cleverness attracted him, just as her simplicity and straightforwardness were considerably more than all the world to the young fisherman, Paul Fralic.

Paul Fralic was a handsome man and a strong, with the roughness of his kind, but with much of its tenderness as well. He had loved old Shea's daughter as long as he had been able to love anything, and Tennant's conceded his position by calling her "Paul's girl." The more so as he sailed his own schooner—which signified much. And that very summer, he—with a tremor in his deep voice—asked the girl to help him "run" a little cottage that was rising near the harbor. Then the schoolmaster came, and before long Paul found the maiden was less eager to listen to his sea tales or to admire the new cottage, where the smell of fresh-cut timber lay sweet on the air.

And the summer wore away. Paul was absent for days at a time, fishing on the off-shore soundings. At each return he found more to anger him, but never a chance to clear up his doubts. When he visited the big house it was to sit outside with the father, smoking in black silence—while the schoolmaster read or talked to the girl.

Paul was a man of few words, but his heart was brave. Therefore he went down one day to the cottage. It was nearly completed and he looked it over grimly. Then he addressed the carpenter who had sauntered up.

"'Guess you needn't finish this yer shack jest yet, Sam. Mebbe I won't want it so soon, arter all."

"What's up now?" asked Sam, who was also a fisherman, and had rejoiced in Paul's good luck.

"Wal, I'm a-goin' to take the schooner out Boston way, 'n' try fer a cargo this winter. An' I guess you can leave the house wait a bit now."

The other man stared, but Paul turned away, walking slowly toward the village, and the cottage was left to the sun by day and the moon by night, and always to the moaning wind.

The year grew on to autumn, and the school was in full swing. Paul never went to the big house. He was fitting out the schooner for the winter. In the intervals of work he sought the bluff at the harbor mouth that watched the troubled waters round the Bull. "Kinder cranky," said the village fishermen. Once he saw in the distance the schoolmaster approaching with the girl. After that he went there no more.

It was a week later that the first of the autumn gales swept in from the Atlantic. Now, on the day that the storm was getting up to seaward Paul Fralic went to his schooner early in the morning to prepare for a start when the weather moderated. Gray was the sky in the offing, with patches of flying cloud-rack, while the ground swell grumbled all along the coast, sending great smooth waves to rock the vessels anchored at Tennant's.

There was no cause for anyone to leave the harbor; yet, as day brightened over the water Paul saw a small rowboat put out from one of the wharves and head for the open sea. He looked at it curiously, knowing that all the fishermen were busy on shipboard and that none of them had any business at the harbor mouth in the face of a big storm.

The boat—a light thing with a single occupant—kept well under the shore, and it was with difficulty that Paul recognized the tall, slim figure of the oarsman. When he did, three things came to his remembrance. That old John Shea had treated the schoolmaster with oaths and contumely and finally had flatly refused him as a son-in-law; that it was only six miles coastwise to the next village, where the railroad ran to the city; and lastly, that the youth himself was hot-headed and impulsive. Also, there was a hidden path by which anyone—even a girl—could go from the big house to the shore outside the village.

To these thoughts seems to have succeeded a very logical conclusion. Paul's reasoning may have been primitive, but a duty lay upon him. He cherished no illusions in his heart; what he did know was the impossibility of any rower reaching the next village before the storm smashed him against the granite cliffs. Therefore said rower must be brought back—and his companion likewise. As the strange craft rounded the lighthouse point Paul jumped into the boat lying astern of his chooner.

"Goin' out ter the light," he explained to the heads that looked over from above. "Keep to work on them sails."

At the harbor mouth he rested on his oars for a moment and gazed along the coast. The surf was leaping full thirty feet up the face of the grim rock wall. The Bull was a smother of seething foam and its voice came deep and hollow. Paul took this in at a glance. But his keen eye caught something more. In the distance, over near the surf, was a boat with two occupants.

miles down the coast. In shore the heights were already swathed in fog, and the furious breakers forbade any landing. By a mighty effort he put behind him the impulse to settle forever the claims of his rival, there in the lonely sea—perhaps the white; beautiful face of the girl stayed his hand.

Ranging alongside without a word, he tossed his oars into the other boat and then stepped in himself, spurning his own away with a shove of his foot. The same instant a sudden lurch threw him heavily across the forward seat with his right arm doubled under him. He sprang up ignoring a fierce pain his wrist, and shouting, "Now! pull fer yer life!" headed the boat for Tennant's.

"Look thar!" he cried again. "An pull!"

They were within 50 yards of the shore and driving nearer on the lift of every wave. Even as they looked the other boat, which had drifted in more rapidly, rolled over and melted away on the rocks.

The skiff, lighter than the workaday flats of the fishermen, sheared fast through the water. But the sky grew always darker, and when they had covered half the return a flurry of snow came over the water.

By this time Paul's right wrist was nearly useless. He pulled bitterly, but was losing his grip on the oar handle. Still he struggled on in spite of pain that increased to agony, and now they were—how slowly!—passing between The Bull and the entrance to Tennant's, the boat half full of water. Then Paul's swollen arm dropped powerless. He glanced toward the stern of the tossing craft, but the girl had fainted from cold or terror.

"Say!" he cried, fiercely. "You can git ashore from here—that's ef you ain't got my dead weight in the boat. My wrist's gone. I ain't no good no more. I'll swim. Git that gal ashore safe!"

With a snarling oath Paul Fralic struck the other man across his half-turned face and leaped into the sea.

The currents at the harbor mouth were setting strongly on The Bull—they say who tell the story—and it was an hour before the boat made shelter, its occupants sleet shrouded and nearly dead.

But Paul Fralic did not reach the shore alive or dead, and no one ever knew what became of him, for The Bull claims its own and guards its secret well.—N. Y. Independent.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM

Its Beginning and Symptoms and the Uncertainty of Its Recurrence.

The name rheumatism is applied to a great variety of affections accompanied with pain in the joints or muscles, some of them more of a gouty or uric-acid nature, others probably of infectious origin, and others still the expression of some disease of the nervous structures.

Acute articular, or inflammatory, rheumatism is a disease characterized by pain and swelling in one or more of the joints, usually the larger ones, such as the knee, together with fever of more or less intensity. It is a disease of temperate climates, especially in cold and damp regions, being very seldom seen in the tropics. It occurs in this country chiefly in late winter and early spring, although it may occur, particularly on the seacoast, at any time of the year. In England it is said to be most frequent in the autumn, says Youth's Companion.

It attacks persons between the ages of 15 and 40 more commonly than those who are older or younger.

Physicians are not yet agreed as to its nature, although many now incline to regard it as a germ disease. It begins gradually with slight aching in the limbs, sore throat and a general feeling of depression. The appetite fails, the tongue is heavily coated, often there is complaint of headache, and the sufferer is generally "out of sorts." There is feverishness, and as this increases, pain and swelling appear in one or more of the large joints. The joints attacked are hot, red and exquisitely painful, and have every appearance of being severely inflamed.

All these symptoms may disappear in a single night from one joint, and appear at the same time in another; and so the disease may go on, attacking one joint after another, those first affected recovering much of their tone and function. One of the characteristic symptoms is profuse perspiration; the skin is not red and dry, as in most fevers, but cool, moist, and sometimes actually dripping with sweat.

The disease may come to an end in a week or ten days, or it may go on attacking joint after joint, and when all have suffered it may begin over again and go on indefinitely. As long as the rheumatism is confined to the joints there is little danger, although occasionally death results from excessive fever; but there is always danger that it may attack the lining membrane of the heart and cripple the organ permanently. Rarely it attacks the membrane of the brain, causing violent delirium or death.

Near the Finish.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Youngpop in the dead of the night, "the baby is certainly crying harder and harder every minute."

"Probably," replied Mr. Youngpop, fiercely, "he's getting mad because he can't think up any reasonable excuse for staying awake any longer."—Philadelphia Press.

Wholesale.

Miss Oldgirl—I think that was just lovely to give Susan B. Anthony a rose for every year of her age.

Mr. Sourdropp — Good thing they don't do that for everybody.

Miss Oldgirl—Why, pray?

Sourdropp—Some poor fellow'd have to buy a greenhouse for you.—Baltimore American.

Football Not in It.

Mrs. Pokechop—So yo'r husband am an old football player? I s'pose he has received a good many hard knocks on de gridiron.

Mrs. Razzer Blades—Wa-al, yais; but not so many as I has received from de gridiron since I got married to him.

SAVED BY ANIMALS.

The pet dog of a British scout, by a timely bark, prevented a patrol from entering a Boer ambuscade, and so saved a dozen men from imminent death.

The shrill screaming of a pet parrot, one winter's morning, awakened a family in Holland in the nick of time to save them from the threatening flood, which was sweeping down their street from a dam which had burst in the town above them.

A French gentleman was in peril of his life at the hands of a surprised and desperate burglar, when the burly body of a pet bear intervened between the householder and his would-be assailant, and spared him an encounter out of which he must have come second best.

The exodus of a colony of rats from a certain ship in dock led an observant captain to have his vessel overhauled, when it was discovered that the ship's bottom had sustained an injury, which must have resulted in her foundering at sea had not the accident been indirectly averted by the action of the alarmed rodents.

In New York, about two years ago, the little three-year-old daughter of a merchant was left by her nurse near an open window three stories high. Through this window she crept, and would have fallen on to the pavement below but for the intervention of a devoted dog, who seized her dress in his teeth and held her tightly until aid arrived.

From a disastrous flood in India, some years ago, the broad back of an elephant offered ample sanctuary to an imperilled family. The animal heard his master's call, and came through the rising waters to the open window where the family were assembled. From thence the devoted elephant conveyed his precious burden to a place of safety.

In a cage of performing animals at an itinerant menagerie the tamer was putting the huge beasts through their tricks, when the sudden temper of an old lion would doubtless have resulted in the death of the tamer but for the opportune aid rendered by a pet puma, who sprang at the throat of the vicious lion and diverted his attention until the tamer had time to assert his authority and restore order.

During the autumn of last year a Bristol family were saved from an awful death through the action of a faithful cat. In the early hours of the memorable morning in question the master of the house was awakened by the cat's paw gently patting his cheek. He pushed the animal away, but pussy persisted with her odd alarm, until the gentleman rose. Then he discovered that the house was on fire, and the intimation came only just in time to enable him and his family to effect their hurried escape from the fiery doom.

GOTHAM GOSSIP.

What is known as the great fire in New York City, which occurred in 1835, caused a total loss of $18,000,000. The recent conflagration at the New York wharves destroyed $10,000,000 worth of property and went far beyond the great fire in fatalities.

Toast as an article of food is rapidly disappearing. It is now almost impossible to get it in New York wherever one may order it. Fried bread is now accepted everywhere as the substitute for toast in spite of the difference in its taste, appearance and every other quality.

Besides trade quarters there are in New York many districts which are almost exclusively occupied by foreigners belonging to particular nationalities. Some of these have interesting features, but the larger number are only remarkable because of their greater dirtiness and their apparent total neglect by the city authorities.

It is always difficult to secure a quorum in the New York city council, which as a matter of record has never remained in session long enough to dispose of all the busines on the calendar. At a recent meeting the necessary number of members failed to attend and the president was about to send the sergeant-at-arms after some absentees when it was learned that the officer named was himself absent and that he had not attended a meeting for months.

ALLY SLOPER'S PHILOSOPHY.

Facts, fowls and females are stubborn things.

I fear that the bells which usually call young men to church should be spelt differently.

How is it that while the guest is sometimes taken for the waiter, a waiter is never mistaken for a guest?

The latest excuse for laziness was that the individual in question refused on principle to earn sufficient money to bring him under the income tax.

When a man writes a whole column under the title of "A Word to the Wise," one does not know which is the most foolish, the writer or the reader.

The balance of nature is very beautiful; for instance, alhough a single man has no one to nurse him when he is ill, he also has no one to worry him when he is well.

We have not altered much since the time of Alexander the Great, when an eastern sage, on being asked what was a sufficient competency for a man, replied, "A little more."

When a man is spooning a girl he usually gives her to understand that he is her willing and abject slave, and yet he is worrying her all the time to make him her lord and master. Funny, is it not?

He was a deep observer of nature who said that he could always spot a pretty girl by her conversation and without seeing her, as when a woman possessed beauty she never took the trouble to go in for anything else.

RELATING TO CHINA.

The demand for candles in China is very large, owing to the fact that they are used at all religious ceremonies.

At Peking is a wonderful observatory close to the city walls. The oldest of its curiously beautiful bronze instruments were old when Kubla Khan conquered the city in 1279.

The intoxicated gentleman made his [illegible] into Wun Lung's laun-

dry and delivered a huge bundle of linen, with the remark: "Zhere, ol' man! Un'stan' you' killin' mish'naries. Oll' ri'. Come 'round' my houshe. My muzzer-law use' be-mish'nary."—Baltimore American.

Nanking was originally the seat of government of the Ming dynasty in China. Emperor Yungloh, however, made Peking the capital in 1411, and it has retained that position ever since. The population is estimated at 2,000,000 persons. The northeast gate of Peking commands the city, and it was by this gate that the allied troops entered Peking in 1860.

In London recently very high prices were given for some pieces of Nanking Chinese pottery, the purchasers being probably moved to unusual prodigality by a suspicion that after the present Chinese troubles shall have been settled such pottery will be more than ever difficult of procurement. Three vases, each ten inches high, brought $1,155, and a pair of long-necked bottles sold for $1,050.

A late issue of London Punch contained a cartoon with a sting of truth in it that will be felt in Europe and appreciated in Japan. The powers, perplexed, are huddled in a corner wondering what ought to be done against the colossal dragon of China appearing over the brow of a hill. They appeal to little Japan for help. Japan replies: "Delighted to join you, gentlemen, but permit me to remark that if some of you hadn't interfered when I had him down it would have saved all this trouble."

OF A MILITARY NATURE.

A gunner's life was saved in South Africa by the bullet lodging in a pack of cards that he had in the pocket of his khaki jacket.

The average age of the men now at the front is, according to a military statist, two years higher than that of soldiers who fought at Waterloo.

The bayonet became a British weapon during the reign of Charles II. It then resembled a lance or pike head, and was screwed into the barrel of the musket when the latter had been discharged.

The siege of Mafeking (216 days) comes fourth on the list of the longest sieges of modern times. The three sieges which lasted longer are Gibraltar, 874 days; Khartoum, 341 days, and Sebastopol, 327 days.

Sir Charles Dilke, in a paper read before the Statistical Society of London, declared that the normal cost of British armaments in time of peace is £60,000,000 to the taxpayers of the United Kingdom, £20,000,000 to India and £1,750,000 to the self-governing colonies.

The present establishment of the military forces of New South Wales consists of 9,774 officers and men; that of Queensland of 7,216; South Australia of 5,217; Victoria of 10,218, and Western Australia of 4,220, making the total military force on the Australian continent 36,645 officers and men.

Recent experiments with torpedo boats off Portsmouth, England, have tended to confirm the general opinion in naval circles that vessels of this class would be of little practical use in a great naval engagement, whatever their value in scouting and skirmishing. It was found impossible to approach a fortified post nearer than two miles without discovery, even when speed was so reduced that no smoke escaped unconsumed from the funnels of the torpedo boats. At this range any unarmored craft would be speedily shot to pieces by an enemy possessing a rapid-fire battery.

EFFECT OF MUSIC.

Lizards, adders and serpents are charmed by music.

Experiments on dogs show that music is capable of increasing the consumption of oxygen by 20 per cent. and of increasing the elimination of carbonic acid. It was also found that music increased the functional activity of the skin.

The national air of the Swiss has such an effect in making those of that nationality desire to return to their native country that at one time it was forbidden to be played in the Swiss regiment in France on pain of death, says Health Culture.

In the London hospital on one occasion a patient suffering from dropsy, and another hurt in a railroad accident, were soothed by music and testified the pain left while it was being played. Medical journals quote the cure of a little girl who was subject of nightmare and sleeplessness, on whom sundry treatments had been tried in vain, being cured by her mother playing Chopin's slow waltz in A minor. A simple lullaby would probably have the same effect. Upon insane patients also music has a remarkable influence.

Even in speech we may note the difference in tone that soothes or jars. Addison, in the Tattler, makes a conjecture "at dispositions from the modulations of the voice." He says: "We know the Doric mood sounds gravity and sobriety; the Lydian, buxomness and freedom; the Aeolic, sweet stillness and quiet composure; the Phrygian, jollity and youthful levity, and why may we not reasonably suppose that those whose speech naturally runs into notes peculiar to any of these moods are likewise in nature thereunto congenerous?"

Getting On.

"How are you getting on with your photography?"

"Well," answered the young man with brown finger tips, "I'm doing better. The snap-shot portrait I took of Mr. Curmudge must have been recognizable."

"You are sure of that."

"Perfectly, for as soon as Curmudge saw it he said he could whip the man who made that picture."—Washington Star.

Her Summer Favorite.

Ida—But I thought you loved Dick? His father owns a livery stable and he used to take you out sleigh-riding so often.

May—Oh, but I like Tom the best now.

Ida—Indeed! What kind of business is he in?

May—He's a soda water clerk.—Chi-

WORLD'S FORTIFICATIONS.

Next to Gibraltar, Malta is the strongest fortress in the world.

The only fortress of consequence in Denmark is the capital, Copenhagen.

The strongest fortress in European Russia is Cronstadt. It is the Russian naval depot of the Baltic sea.

The earliest known system of fortification was the stockade. It has been employed, at one time or another, by all nations, but is still in use in Turkey.

Offa's dike was a defensive wall built by the Romans against the Welsh. It was an earthen fortification, 113 miles long, and entirely cut off Wales from England.

The only fortress in the United States is Fortress Monroe, in Virginia. It is surrounded by a moat filled with water from eight to fifteen feet deep, and from 75 to 100 feet wide.

The two principal German fortresses on the Baltic sea are at Konigsberg and Danzig; on the French frontier, Metz and Strasburg, and on the Belgian frontier, Cologne and Coblenz.

The difference between a fort and a fortress lies in the fact that the former is designed to contain solely the garrison and their munitions, while the latter is often a city containing a large number of noncombatants.

France has, on the German frontier, three first-class fortresses — Belfort, Verdun and Briancon; on the Belgian frontier, Lille, Dunkirk, Arras and Donaz; on the Italian, Lyon, Grenoble and Besancon, and on the Atlantic coast, Rochefort, Lorient and Brest.

The southern entrance of the Red sea is commanded by the fortress of Aden and the fort on the little island of Perim, in the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb; the guns of the latter completely covering the narrow channel, and the fortress dominating the entrance to the sea.

The Chinese wall is the most extensive fortification in the world. According to the surveys made within the last few years, this wall is 1,728 miles in length, and it passes up steep mountains, down into gorges and ravines, crosses rivers, valleys and plains, seemingly regardless of obstacles. It is 25 feet thick at the bottom and 15 feet at the top, and from 25 feet to 30 feet in height, with turrets or towers 35 feet to 40 feet high every 200 or 300 yards during its entire length. The exterior walls are of well-cut granite blocks, the interior is filled with earth and stone, and the passageway is paved with bricks one foot square.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

There are nearly 80,000 more women than men in Russia.

Eighteen society girls of Opelousa, La., have formed a brass band, with an experienced male musician as leader.

Dora E. Yates, of the University college, Liverpool, has passed the examination for the degree of M. A., the first Jewess to win such an honor in England.

The employment of women in the postal service is not an American idea. It was by no means uncommon in the old days, when postmasters kept post houses and were persons of some consequence. "In 1548, Leonard, of Taxis, appointed a woman postmaster at Braine-le-Comte, an important point in France."

Equipped with hymn books and Bibles, a small organ, several banners and a large tent, Mrs. Anna Johnson, missionary, is now on her way to Cape Nome from San Francisco. Mrs. Johnson has been a missionary for more than 30 years. She is not attached to any church, but depends entirely upon the contributions at her meetings for money with which to meet her expenses. She will be at Nome all summer, and if there is a demand she will remain there next winter.

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

Don't sit on a hot stove.

Don't sleep between blankets.

Don't hurry. Send the office boy.

Don't look at the ice bill. Think of the ice.

Don't walk in the sun. Have it moved if it blocks the way.

Don't worry—and don't worry because you can't help worrying.

Don't talk politics—the other fellow is a heat-producing fool, anyway.

Don't drink hot Scotches, or Tom and Jerrys, or hot rum punches.

Don't get excited. If your dog is being whipped, look at the thermometer and resign yourself to his fate.

Don't try to settle the Philippines question. The other fellow is just as much of an anti-be-convinced as you are.

Don't swear at the heat. Remember, the time you became profane when you slipped in the snow six months ago.—Baltimore American.

DOGS ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

The French have proved the invaluable service of the dog on the battlefield in Algiers and Tunis.

Russians made use of the dog in their Turkish campaign; the Dutch and the Italians have followed suit.

Germans have no difficulty in training dogs, Great Danes preferably, for the purpose of attacking the cycle corps of the enemy. Most cyclists think few dogs require any training in this direction, as they usually consider all bicyclers foes. The Great Dane is famed for its strength, ferocity and tenacity of purpose.

By far the most interesting services performed by dogs on German battlefields is that of ambulance and bearer work. Scotch collies are used for this purpose, wear a saddle with a large red cross on it, and attached to this is a flask and dressing for wounds. The dogs are so beautifully schooled they will scent a man who in the ordinary course would have been overlooked by the bearers and perhaps left to die.

FROM ALL QUARTERS.

Some Russian railway laborers work 36 hours at a time, with only a few pauses for rest.

Honolulu's population has increased from 23,000 to 45,000 in the last five years.

The royal palaces of Bangkok form a city in themselves. They consist of several hundred individual palaces, surrounded by magnificent gardens and pagodas.

The most magnificent work of architecture is the Taj Mahal, in Agra, Hindustan. It is octagonal in form, of pure white marble, inlaid with every sort of precious stone.

Bombay is an immense city, with land and sea shipping equal to the best. It has large commerce and trade and manufacturing interests. Its buildings are said to be the finest in India, and much wealth is centered there.

In the window of an old curiosity shop not far from the British museum in London may be seen an elaborately carved ivory toothpick, with the following intimation attached: "Toothpick formerly the property of Oliver Cromwell; supposed to have been the one he picked his teeth with before he signed the death warrant of Charles I."

Belgium has been visited by huge swarms of large winged insects, variously described as dragon flies and locusts. In Brussels people in the streets had to cover their faces, and many fled indoors at the sight of the invading swarms. In several squares, the story goes, there was a veritable fight for possession between the insects and the human inhabitants.

A Bulgarian journalist named Sangoff recently wrote an article in a Sofia paper on the subject of the relation of the nose to character. After discussing the various shapes he came to the conclusion that persons with long noses are often bad characters. The public prosecutor regarded this as a case of lese majeste, because Prince Ferdinand has a long nose. Sangoff was arrested, tried and sentenced to three days' imprisonment.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

James Dunsmuir, the present premier of British Columbia, is known there as the "Silent Premier," because while a member of the provincial legislature for two years he never delivered a speech.

A souvenir of Mr. Gladstone's hobby as an amateur woodsman, consisting of a chip from an elm which he felled at Hawarden in 1880, was sold for five shillings in a London auction-room recently.

Ex-Senator Matthew C. Butler and a few friends recently celebrated the thirty-sixth anniversary of the loss of the South Carolinian's leg at the battle of Brandy Station during the civil war. The senator was entertained at dinner at Delmonico's, New York.

That the dignity of the supreme bench is sometimes burdensome is illustrated by a remark made by Justice Brewer to a Washington official. The justice was about to take his vacation, and he said: "I am glad I am going to a resort where I can wear one gallus, no collar and roll up my pants."

The London Morning Post's "military expert," whose deductions from South Africa were nine times out of ten directly opposed to those of the war office, and usually correct, and whose articles were telegraphed to the leading journals throughout the world, is a civilian named Spencer Wilkinson. He has a fine head, wears a full beard and looks like a scientist. When the war broke out he was dramatic critic of the Post.

Mutchteba Ali Gerrouh is the name that Ali Ferrouh Bey, the Turkish minister has given the youngster that was born recently at the Turkish legation at Washington. Mme. Ferrouh Bey, who came to this country with her husband last winter, is the first Turkish woman of her rank ever permitted to come to the United States, it being a special favor of the sultan to allow her to accompany her husband on his last return to Washington, where he has represented his government since 1893.

LOVERS' WALKS IN BRITAIN.

Rothesay has a famous lovers' walk. Its shadiness in summer has made it a favorite spot for many other persons than sweethearts.

In Derbyshire, near Buxton, there is a renowned lovers' leap. The story goes that a maiden who had quarreled with her sweetheart in a fit of despair threw herself over the cliffs into the rocky gulf below. The tale whether true or not has survived for over a couple of centuries.

It has been estimated that there are at least a couple of hundred lovers' walks in Great Britain, all of which are more or less renowned in story, song and tradition. As for Ireland, no one has ever yet been bold enough to try to count the number. One of the most renowned is that at Matlock, the beautiful Derbyshire town.

The beautiful Spencer road, at Ryde, Isle of Wight, can boast of royalty having shared its charms. It is said to have become known as the "Lovers' Walk" simply because there was hardly a pair of lovers in Ryde but used it for their repetitions of the "old, old story," though the authorities never seemed to favor the name, but have always referred to it officially as Spencer road.

One English town can boast of having a municipal lovers' lane. This is Blackburn, in Lancashire. It is a winding walk, arched in by tall trees, bordered by old stones and kept trim and tidy. Here the girl from the mill or factory listens to the same old tale, and it thrills her just as much as it does the daughter of an earl, who hears it under the lofty elms at Ryde.

New School Philosophy.

Edith (who always appears happy on a stormy day and unhappy when the weather is bright, on being asked the season)—When it's stormy I know 'twill clear off pleasant and when it's pleasant I know 'twon't be long before a storm.—Judge.

Inexcusable.

Ada—Yes, she accepted him Monday night, but broke off the engagment almost immediately.

May—Indeed! Why?

Ada—Well, I believe he omitted to say that he was the happiest man in the world.—Brooklyn Life.

A Lightning Destroyer.

"Your Charlie seems to be an active little fellow, Mrs. Dobbs."

"Active? I put a clean shirt waist on him, and in five minutes he makes it look as if he had worn it a week."—Indianapolis Journal.